

THE PACIFIC

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51

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

Why idly seek from outward things
The answer inward silence brings?
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near?
Why climb the far-off hills with pain
A nearer view of heaven to gain?
Enough for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,—
Guards not archangel feet alone
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
And whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love, or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.
To Him from wanderings long and wild,
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade His peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,
I turn from fancy's cloud-built scheme,
Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream
To the still witness in my heart;
With reverence waiting to behold
His avatar of love untold,
The eternal beauty new and old!

—Whittier.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

OTHER NOTEWORTHY CENSUS FIGURES.

When we wrote last week of the growth during the last decade of several Pacific Coast cities the figures for some of the smaller sized cities in Washington had not been announced by the census bureau or they would have been included in our article.

For example, Everett showed an increase of 213.3 per cent, advancing during the past ten years between 1900 and 1910 from 7,838 to 24,814. But Centralia, advancing from 1,600 in 1900 to 7,311 in 1910, registered a higher percentage—356.9. And North Yakima moving up from 3,154 to 14,082, registered a percentage of 346.4. Aberdeen, on Gray's Harbor, grew from 3,747 to 13,660, thus showing a gain of 269.8.

These little cities accordingly stand ahead of Pasadena in her percentage of gain, to which city we gave the first place last week, her percentage being 232.2. But small cities more easily show higher percentage of growth than the large ones.

Other cities in Washington worthy of note in this connection are Bellingham and Walla Walla. The former advanced from 11,062 to 24,298, and the latter from 10,049 to 19,364 the percentage of growth being 101.57 and 92.8 respectively.

NOTABLE ACTION.

Two of the cities named in the foregoing article have distinguished themselves notably this year by voting out the saloons; they are Everett and Bellingham. So far as we know they are the only sea ports of so large a population to outlaw the liquor traffic. It is not an easy thing to do—to build up in sea port cities such a public sentiment as to make possible so decisive action against the saloon as has been taken at Everett and Bellingham. All honor to the voters of those two cities. This was done without the ballots of the women, the constitutional amendment giving them the franchise not having been enacted then, but being before the people for decision thereon at the same election. Now that women have the ballot in Washington it ought to be found much easier than otherwise to keep the saloons out of Everett and Bellingham forever.

But the good people of these two cities will have

to face a hard battle. The allied forces of the liquor traffic will fight "to the last ditch" to win them back to the ranks of saloon cities. Whatever traffic the liquor element may be able to carry on illegally will be made as deadly as possible with the hope that they may thus win voters to the belief that the licensed saloon is to be preferred.

Now that Everett and Bellingham, seaport cities, have scored a famous victory it is hoped that every man who had part in it will stand heroically in the fight that was only commenced when the campaign against the saloon was entered on a few months ago. See the thing through! Too many have faltered and turned back in the past because of tactics which ought to have been counted on before the battle was begun.

Gratifying news comes from Everett, where the saloons are not to be closed until the first of the year. Soon after the election "for rent" signs were put up in the windows of several business buildings; but they are down now, for already the rooms have been leased at higher rentals than heretofore.

We wonder how much of an influence "Billy" Sunday's evangelistic campaigns in Everett and Bellingham in the early months of this year had in this action against the saloon.

We do not admire that kind of evangelism—that is, not when it is going on; but we do admire it sometimes in its results. It looks as if "Billy" Sunday had had results in Everett and Bellingham.

Of old one said: Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him because he followeth not us." And the Master replied: "Forbid him not, for there is no man who shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part."

PREACHER AND STORY WRITER.

In The Pacific for December the 8th, we had a review of a new book, "A Modern Revolt From Rome." It was stated therein that the gentleman was well known in the religious and literary circles in California, and that in all probability not a few of our readers would be able, after reading the book, to name the author, who in publishing it, used a nom de plume—"John Berkeley."

Dr. McLean, of Pacific Theological Seminary, fixes on the Rev. Dr. J. A. Cull of the Richmond Congregational church, San Francisco, as the author of the book, and says concerning it:

"As a story it strikes me as quite unique, with more resemblance to one of Walter Scott's stories than we often see in recent literature. I quite agree with the comments of The Pacific. Information blends with romance; and the two serve to depict upon the same background the eternal difference that must be between the things that are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, when they are set in contrast with their opposites, whether it be among the lowly or among the great ones of the earth."

Again would The Pacific commend the book as one well worth reading. And we congratulate Dr. Cull in that he has achieved what he has achieved as a writer. They who read this volume will be ready to welcome other volumes from his pen.

We regret that the publishers—the well known publishing houses of Jennings & Graham of Cincinnati, and

Eaton & Mains of New York, constituting the Methodist Book Concern Publishing department, did not send forth the book with the title first given it by the author, "Across the Years." It is, of course, a Modern Revolt From Rome, but the interest of the book lies so much in the charming romance threading its pages that we should have preferred that kept in the foreground and the revolt made more secondary, though some will claim, doubtless, that the best value of the book lies in the latter.

The desire of the publishers to fix on a title that would render the book "a good seller" may after all lessen its sale, some papers being slow to advertise in reviews or otherwise any revolt from Rome. Perhaps our readers wonder what the revolt was. It wasn't much of a revolt. A priest by the name of Underwood, one of the characters in the book, a man of deep spirituality, becomes imbued with ideas quite different from the tenets of Roman Catholicism and becomes finally a Protestant. But the process of change is such that nothing inimical to the underlying principles of Roman Catholicism is found on any page of the book.

One paragraph from a conversation between Underwood and another priest shows what the allegiance of the adherents of that faith to the Church usually is:

"Underwood, probe as deep as you wish, speculate as your dreams may lead you, but do not allow anything to swerve you from the strictest allegiance to the wishes of the Vicar of Christ in Rome. Long ago I surrendered my will to him, and my intellect to his judgment. Let him declare dogmatically that black is white and I will accept it without question. Let him thus declare what he will, and I will believe him. I merge my understanding, my will, my senses in him who stands in Christ's place; and I honor God by my complete surrender. The Vicar of Christ is responsible for my actions, not I. If his commands are just, the glory is God's. If unjust, the stigma is on the superior who commands, not on the one who obeys."

On the other hand, the position of Underwood—who had arrived at the conclusion that the inner consciousness is the true guide in matters of religion—is found in brief in the words: "I do not feel myself free to accept other than that which God gives to me to know. Neither am I free to be silent when truths of manifest importance come to my consciousness. I shall act and speak as my conscience dictates. If I am not permitted to do so where I am, I have still my duty toward God, and that duty I mean to discharge, come what may."

Friends of the author will see in Father Underwood some of Dr. Cull's experiences in passing from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism; and, in the life of the priest and one of the lady characters in the story, the thread of romance running through the early years of Dr. and Mrs. Cull.

A THANKSGIVING-CHRISTMAS SERMON.

W. N. Burr.

On Thanksgiving Day this year I heard a sermon that carried the flavor of both the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift," was the text. One great day in the Christian calendar finds its sign-royal in the first word of that text, and another in the last word. I like to close my eyes sometimes and think of that Scripture passage as a picture rather than a cluster of words—a picture with God in the midst, his arms out-

stretched and his hands resting in blessing the one upon the head of the personified Spirit of Thanksgiving, and the other upon the fair brow of the Christ-child.

But the minister to whom I listened on Thanksgiving Day made no special allusion to Christmas as he opened to us his text, save as the emphasis he placed upon "the unspeakable gift," would naturally suggest it to any thoughtful mind.

We attended the union Thanksgiving service at Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles. The sermon was by Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher, of the Temple Baptist church. I had never before heard Dr. Brougher. I note his sermon themes every week. They sometimes give the impression that he inclines toward the "sensational," the catchy, and one will naturally, perhaps, expect to hear something on that order as he listens to him for the first time. Two or three times he threw in a quick side-shot that might have been calculated to amuse rather than edify, but almost in an instant he was back on solid ground, carrying his hearers with him.

It was rather an unusual Thanksgiving sermon. There was no reference whatever to "the first Thanksgiving Day," nor to the people or conditions of that time. There was very little said about the "material blessings" of the past year; there was almost no "feast of ingathering" background. The preacher hurriedly swept by much that Mrs. Sangster had in mind when she wrote:

When barn and byre are safe,
When flocks are in the fold,
When far and near the burdened fields
Have bowed 'neath harvest's gold,
When clusters rich have drooped
From many a blushing vine,
And genial orchards, wide and fair
Have owned the touch divine,
Then up from grateful hearts
Should joyful praise arise
To Him who gives the waiting earth
The blessing of the skies."

Dr. Brougher came very near to giving us as much a Christmas sermon as a Thanksgiving sermon that day. He kept his text in view, and the thanksgiving of the text is focused on "the unspeakable Gift" rather than on teeming harvests and material splendor, though he gave a glance at the "harvests" and the "splendor" in his opening sentences.

"As I read the President's Thanksgiving proclamation the other day," said he, "I seemed to feel a new sense of something vastly impressive in a nation's observance of a day of annual thanksgiving. Though to many it is more a holiday than a holy day, though many will make it a day of feasting and fun rather than of worship, yet it is a strikingly significant fact that a great nation, at the call of its President, will close its stores and shops, its banks and offices, and give a Sabbath air to the routine of the farms, in order to give thanks to Almighty God for mercies bestowed. It is true that many will not stop to express their thanks, while others will do it only in a formal way; but there are those who will sincerely and honestly think of the significance of this day, and give sincere expression to their gratitude for blessings received.

"We need to place great emphasis upon the cultivation of the spirit of thankfulness. There are sins enough lying at our doors, sins that do so easily beset us, and sins exceptional in a sense, and yet, O! how common; let us not be adding to the list through all the days of our life the sin of thoughtless ingratitude. When Jesus healed the ten lepers, nine went on their way with never a word of thank-

fulness. Only one returned to kneel at the feet of his benefactor with a word of thanks. There are times when we are tempted to say that this is about the usual proportion of thankful people in the world—but we must not be drawing universal conclusions from one incident. It may be there is often a sense of gratitude that is never given expression. People sometimes comfort themselves with the thought that God knows our hearts, and that the expression of thankfulness is not needed; but a thankless heart dries up. And who shall say that the Heavenly Father does not feel

'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.'

"Thanksgiving Day stands for the recognition of God as the rightful ruler over this world. God is related to this world, and our attitude towards Him ought to be that of trustful and grateful children. When Halley's comet appeared some seventy-five years ago, accompanied by showers of falling stars, it created great consternation among the negroes of the South. An old colored coachman, driving his master to Nashville one night was loud in his declarations that the end of the world was upon them. The master pointed out the North star to the frightened darkey, and said to him, 'Keep your eyes on that star, Sam, and don't be troubled. When that star falls then the world will come to an end; but until then—drive on to Nashville!' It is a great thing for a nation to stop in its mad rush for wealth and fame and pleasure and fix its eye upon an everlasting fact—that God reigns and rules. And we should hold the eye trustfully and gratefully to that fact, and drive on to future greatness and success.

"But this nation must also recognize its direct responsibility to God for its relation to the world. Our country is the battleground on which the conflict of the ages is to be fought and decided. But our country's unique position among the nations of the world is not to be decided by its material splendor; it is not to be found in its great wealth, its magnificent scenery, its broad acres and wonderful harvests. A country may have forests and mines, and abound in wood and stone and coal and cotton and oil, and have all the other staples of the world in more abundance than any other nation on earth, and yet not be the nation, that it ought to be. The great end of civilization is not money but manhood. The true greatness of a nation is measured by its moral standards. We must give our attention to producing Christian citizens.

"So Thanksgiving Day stands for the recognition of Jesus Christ as Master of men. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable Gift! On this day I thank my God that I am not as some other men are. I say this, not in the spirit of the Pharisee; but humbly, gratefully, do I ask, why did God permit me to be born in a Christian country? There are so many on the face of the earth who have not been blessed as I have been, who know not the Christ as I am privileged to know Him. The Christ! the Christ! Thinking accurately, we trace our individual and our national blessings all back to Him, the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. I cannot think of a thing that comes to bless my life for which I may not be indebted to Jesus Christ.

"A national Thanksgiving Day is a recognition of our mutual obligations. Governments are formed for the purpose of mutual helpfulness. The spirit of Jesus Christ is drawing us together. A beautiful spirit is manifested here in this city among the various churches in their regard each for the others—this spirit must spread untill it shall deepen and broaden here and everywhere. A man has no right to harmonize himself with his environment unless his environment is right. The great obligation is to change wrong en-

vironment for the sake of others. 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Let us be thankful for the privilege of helping, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, the unspeakable Gift of God's love."

While writing this article I stopped between paragraphs to look over the mail that had just been brought in; and turning the pages of one of the papers, my eye caught these words from the address of Prof. William Adams Brown at the recent dedication of Union Seminary's new buildings: "Nothing in this world is great but the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, nothing else is permanent. Brick and mortar may decay, stones may crumble into dust, one generation of workers after another may pass away, but the Kingdom of Jesus Christ endures forever. This is the ground of our confidence as we look forward to the new and splendid future that we face. These noble buildings, massive as they are, are to us but the symbol of a reality far more enduring, even the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, God manifest in man, the same yesterday, today and forever."

It was with some such thought as that that I went out from that Thanksgiving service. Loyal to the men and women of early colonial history, and grateful for all blessing and achievement, commercial, material and scientific, of the past year, I was glad that for once all this had been overshadowed on Thanksgiving Day by the Kingly figure of the advancing Christ; that Christmas had joined hands with the day of national thanksgiving, that the heart might catch the full uplift of the apostle's glad cry, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable Gift!"

La Canada, California.

DOES DEATH END ALL?

A Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

From the world's earliest morning the thought of man linked life to a longer chain of time than that between the cradle and the grave. We find everywhere what Emerson calls "man's audacious belief in the future life." "In the minds of all men, or wherever man appears," says the sage of Concord, "belief appears with him—in the savage savagely, in the pure purely."

Egypt, the world's early school of the arts and sciences, the first leader of the world's thought, what do we find among this primitive people? A faith in immortality, which was not a mere hypothesis, but as Schlegel was forced to admit, "a lively certainty like the feelings of one's own being." The constructive power of the faith in immortality originated the Egyptian art of embalming. The astonishing pyramids are enduring structures, which faith has erected to the memory of immortal beings. And, if according to Carlyle, living with hope of immortality is derived from the nobility of man, then must the old tenants of Egypt, the master-minds who did so much thinking for the world for all times, have been a noble race.

That the future is but a shadow of the present is the idea that runs through Homer, who lived about 900 years B. C. What noble and elevated conceptions of life in the spirit world Socrates gave us 500 years B. C. Pindar, Plato, Pericles, who gave his name to the Golden Age of Athens, the shining splendor of Pythagoras, Socrates and Aeschylus—all bear witness to the thought of Democritus, who said: "The soul is the house of God."

Not only among the cultured nations do we find this sentiment. It has found its way into the South Sea Islands and those of the Pacific. It has diffused itself over Lapland, Asia and Africa.

Why in that forest grave, around which plumed and painted warriors stand unmoved and immovable as statues, do they bury with the body of the Indian chief his canoe and bow and arrow? He goes to follow the chase and hunt the deer in the spectre-land, where the Great Spirit lives and the spirits of his fathers have gone before him. Some tribes lighted fires on the grace that the departed might not journey in the dark.

Among the Seneca Indians, when a maiden died, they had a custom of imprisoning a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song. Then, loading it with messages and caresses, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would neither fold its wings, nor close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

In one form or another, however distorted or misshapen, however steeped in savagery or sunk in superstition, the idea of a future life persists universally and outlasts all kinds of vehicles that seemed to contain it.

Like some river of water of life flowing ceaselessly through the universal heart of humanity, it seems to say:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

What is this intimation of immortality, this profoundest of all intuitions, this most ineradicable of all instincts, which lives ever on, renewing its youth, rising up from the ashes of dead fires, as an angel voice that sings on, above all the din of superstition, the degradations and miseries, the follies and fears of life? What is it, if it is not the testimony of God speaking in the heart of the child, the whisper of heaven, claiming for its own this thing of earth?

This belief is clearly not the result of education. It could not have originated with man, nor have come to him from without. It must proceed, therefore, from a supreme moral intelligence. It has its foundation in the inward predisposition of our mental and moral constitution, implanted there by God himself. This feeling that there is a hereafter, this intuitiveness is the counterpart of reality, just as the reflection of a face in the water is sufficient evidence that the face itself is not an illusion. The idea of immortality is interwoven with the mind; it is a part of the soul's original furniture; it is God's appointed witness that we shall live again.

If man has an instinct looking forward to a future life, and there is no future life provided for him, then he is the solitary exception to a rule otherwise universal.

Must we believe that God has raised these hopes to crush them? No! Assuredly not! It is not conceivable of a wise and loving Father that when we are ready to burst out into songs of love and wonder, our lips are to be forever sealed. Why are we endowed with this intense clinging to our own conscious personal life, if maybe to-morrow or surely in a few years, we shall be snuffed out like a candle?

If I believed that I was to behold nothing but the earthly scene of the eternal drama, and when my spirit was wrapt in anxiety I must perish in suspense, I would curse the day that gave me birth, I would never smile again, I would go weeping through life.

Is immortality a dream? Let me dream on. I am content.

"Yes, if 'twere only a dream,
Better it were to clasp it,
Brood on it until it seem
Real as the lines that grasp it."

Why is it that when death comes it seems to bring with it to all men conscious assurance of immortality? When

men go out of life they let go their doubts and sweep into the satisfying faith of a hereafter.

On his death-bed a professed atheist requested to be buried by the side of his Christian wife and daughter. When asked why, his response was: "If there be a resurrection of the righteous, they will get me up somehow or other and take me with them." This little incident reveals the heart of man, tells the story of an immortal soul and voices our common hope.

Nothing overwhelms man's souls like the proposal—"Lie in dull oblivion and to rot." "All men," says Theodore Parker, "desire to be immortal." They cling to life because they love it. They shrink from death, not on account of the pangs of dying, or of the results that follow, but because they dread the thought of going out of existence—of being dead. What is this love of life and this fear of death, but the natural expression of that conviction of personal immortality which the inspiration of God breathed into the human spirit? The sentiment of the race by its evident longing for another life finds echo in the lines of Tennyson:

"No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death."

Life is worth living. It is only mean to the man who makes it so. Yet, without being guilty of either ingratitude or pessimism, we may assert that it fails to satisfy the deepest cravings of the heart. Expectation, and not satisfaction, seems to be all that even the most favored ever find on earth.

Man's soul is fluttering within like a caged bird, the noblest creature on the earth, and at the same time the most miserable. He has greater gifts and higher qualities than any other visible being, and yet he, and only he, is lonely and dejected, sad and sorrowful.

Man alone carries with him a heavy heart. How merrily sing the birds as they fly along over the fields and forests, or cleave the mountain air, and how perfectly happy are they as they tuck their heads under their wings when the shadows of night fall and the wind cradles them on some swinging bough!

The flocks and herds upon a thousand hills, the myriad forms of insect life, every winged fly and tuneful beetle, the fish that gaily sport and gambol in the rivers and seas, all can find the end of their being; not a thought of future want disturbs their perfect tranquility. But never so with man. He only is never satisfied, no matter what his wealth, or fame, or knowledge, or power, or earthly pleasures. From the king to the beggar, "man never is, but always to be blest."

What is the explanation? Has God made the beast that perishes to find its every desire gratified, while man is created with immortal longings that shall have no satisfactory response either in time or eternity?

"We shall be satisfied when his glory shall appear." It is to this purpose God has given us this insatiable thirst. Man pants after happiness, infinite in duration; his natural hopes and desires run beyond the bounds of time, his "soul uneasy and confined from home rests and expatiates in a life to come."

All the arguments that go to prove the existence of God—a God endowed with such attributes as are essential to our very conception of his character, point out the moral necessity of a future state of existence beyond the grave, in which the imperfections and inequalities of the present moral government will not only be redressed, but the whole will be shown to be holy and righteous.

There is sin and there is punishment for sin, which we daily witness. But there is not for all sin such a reckoning in this world as meets the claims of righteousness and justice. Do we not see evil doings go undetected, and many bad men pass unpunished?

When we take a deliberate view we are naturally led to exclaim: "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? Is there no punishment for the workers of iniquity? Is there no God that judgeth in the earth?" And indeed, were there no retribution beyond the limits of this present life, we should be necessarily obliged to admit one or the other of the following conclusions: either that no moral governor of the world exists, or that "justice and judgment are not the habitation of his throne."

If the moral government of God, the existence of which our experience avouches, is ever to have its administration perfected and wrought to a complete actualizing of its own manifest principles, it can only be in another state of existence, and the double conclusion presses upon us, that there is a future life, and that life is one of rewards and punishments.

Renan says one evidence for the truth of immortality may be found in the nobility of behavior it inspires. The idea that man is but—

"The pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay.
Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind or dew upon the flower.

A child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and transitory fire,
Light to the grave his chance created form,
As ocean wrecks illuminate the shore,
And then—

To night and silence sink forever more,
does not kindle great deeds and strengthen for any sublime endeavor. C'cero said of the Epicurean creed that it was utterly to be rejected because it led to nothing worthy or generous.

If death ends all, what an imposture is our system of laws on which society is founded. If we must wholly perish, the maxims of charity and justice and the precepts of honor and friendship are empty words. Why should they be binding if in this life only we have hope? What duty do we owe to the dead, to the living or to ourselves, if all will be nothing?

If retribution terminates with the grave, morality is a bugbear of human invention. What are the sweet ties or kindred if we shall not live again? What sanctity is there to the last wish of the dying if death is a wall instead of a door? What is obedience to laws but an insane servitude? What is justice but an unwarrantable infringement upon liberty? What are laws of marriage but a vain scruple, and what is government but an imposition on credulity, if death ends all?

There was one nation and only one that ever tried to destroy belief in God and immortality. France decreed in national convention that there was no God, and death an eternal sleep. The Sabbath was abolished; churches were turned into temples of reason. The Bible was dragged along the streets in the spirit of derision and contempt.

Infidelity then reigned and frightful was its reign. Its crown was terror, its throne the guillotine, its sceptre the battle-axe, its palace yard a field of blood, and its royal robes dripped with human gore. Gutters were filled with

the torn shreds of human flesh. Property was confiscated. The morning breeze and evening wind bore across the vine-clad hills of France the cries of suffering and the shrieks of terror, and to save the metropolis and the kingdom from utter desolation, the infidel authorities had to reinstate the Sabbath and public worship.

Were the belief in God and immortality to die out in the human heart, the flood-gates of vice would open wide, plunge the world into the grave of despair, and consign humanity to the dungeons of the damned.

A future life is needed for the working out of that moral completeness which the present never brings. We are cut off when we begin to be ready to do something in the world.

Humboldt dying at 90, feeling that he had just begun to study, exclaimed: "Oh! for another 100 years." Again he said: "I need 1000 years to do that which I now have in my mind."

Sir Isaac Newton, at the end of his sublime earthly career, said: "I feel like a child playing on the seashore, picking up a pebble here and there, while the great ocean of truth lies unexplored before me."

Southey, dying, asked to be carried into his library, where he fondly handled his books, like a loving parent a dear child, and then sighed as he thought he must bid them farewell.

Raphael left his Sistine Madonna with disappointed heart. God has created powers in man which expand as they age, which gain wealth as they are used, ever exercise of which becomes a history, every forth-putting an eternal psalm—powers that retain all that they ever gain and advance toward the infinite, a great soul of power. Is it possible to imagine that God would create such a being and open before Himself and before it such a prospect and nourish it with the idea only that He might dash the beautiful vase and scatter all its incense in one mad moment?

As Victor Hugo said: "The tomb is not a blind alley—it is a thoroughfare; it closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. My work is only beginning; my monument is hardly above its foundation; I would be glad to see it mounting forever."

Browning says: "I know this earth is not my sphere, for I cannot so narrow me but that I shall exceed it."

This high ideal which is not reached on earth intimates an immortal life, which may afford time and scope for its realization.

Lowell nobly says, in his *Elegy on the Death of Channing*:

"Thou art not dead; in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what is dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks."

Theodore Parker on his death-bed said to a friend: "I am not afraid to die, but I might wish to carry on my work. I have only half used the powers God gave me."

The yearning after perfection and completeness is the soul's qualification for and prophecy of its own immortality. I know no view-point from which the grandeur of life is more impressive. The high aspirations of the soul are no longer blasting mockeries. The problem of life is solved.

The vast strides man has made during the short compass of his present earth-life in his march towards civilization, is a prophecy of the infinite possibilities before him in the future, and death is only a stage in man's evolution upward, only another name for birth, introducing him into

another grander sphere of the eternal process moving on.

Your past life has been down hill and towards gloom; your future is uphill towards the glorious sunrise.

Dying is throwing open the door that the bird may fly out of h's netted cage and be heard singing in higher flights and in diviner realms.

Love is immortal. In the untimely death of Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson lost his dearest friend. In his "In Memoriam" the poet's love seeks an immortal support, in the persistence of love and longing to meet the loved again, the poet argues that death is only a temporary loss:

"But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dreams and hold it true,
For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing, farewell."

At the foot of the white marble cross which his wife placed upon the grave of Charles Kingsley, are graven these words: "We have loved, we love, we shall love."

In one of George MacDonald's romances there is a young girl, carefully nurtured, but who had never been touched religiously. She was engaged to marry a man who was a professed unbeliever. But it comes to pass, that this girl is awakened spiritually, that she comes to know herself as a being crowned with the sapphire glow of immortality, and she questions George: "Tell me how long you will love me?" And after a little discussion of that sort, she lets the young man go, because, she says, "It may be only a whim, but it is my whim to be loved as an immortal woman."

None of us wants to be loved any other way, and if it were that we should not meet and know one another in heaven, then when our dead are laid away in the grave, our love for them ought to die. But we do not cease to love the dead, neither do we love the mless, but rather more than we love the living, with a love more unselfish and with less taint of earthliness about it. And if we, with all our restrictions upon us, can love so ardently, how much more can those, who with ever-broadening faculties have entered into the fullness of life, love with a deeper passion and more enduring intensity?

When our friends have crossed the river, we are somehow bound to them by the cords of a deathless love. We can somehow never realize that they are gone. The looks, the forms, the voices, the smiles of the dead are still with us. We feel their mysterious nearness. Love still teaches us to love them. In every tear that we shed, in every sigh that we heave, we have so many proofs in the soul itself, that the dead, whose memory we so fondly cherish, still live beyond the grave.

With Whittier we hopefully cry:

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somewhere, somehow, meet we must."

We have shown briefly how far reason carries us. Revelation confirms reason, corroborates the wisdom of the philosophers, and supplements the songs of the poets.

We do not turn to Plato for comfort in sorrow. The conscience convinced of sin finds no forgiveness in Goethe. Homer cannot impart strength in temptation's hour. And in our groping for immortality, all logic, philosophy and poetry combined cannot give us the unmistakable assurance of a hereafter. The Bible only can inspire that blessed hope.

The great hereafter is an ever-present, underlying fact, which runs like a golden thread from Genesis to Revela-

tions. Like the existence of God, the Bible takes for granted our immortality, assuring those who are in fellowship with God, of a blessed life beyond.

It is popularly supposed that the glorified union of the soul and the body in the future is pre-eminent a doctrine of the New Testament, and that in this sense, Jesus Christ alone "hath brought immortality to light." The Bible starts out with the conception that man sustains relations to God, which are never to cease. To the Hebrews "in the image of God," meant that they were created with a soul invisible and undying as the Divine Spirit. When we are told that God formed man of the dust of the ground and blew into his nostrils the living spirit and man was for a living creature we have it made plain on the very first page of the Bible that the immortality of the soul was a principle fully understood.

Job declares: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and after my skin has been destroyed, yet out of my flesh shall I see God."

The knowledge of immortality is older than the gospel. It was at least a vague and dreamy anticipation in all ages. Christ brought "Life and immortality to light"—He lifted the old conception out of probability into the realm of assurance. He removed the subject from the sphere of speculation into that of a positive truth, founded on experience. He went down into the grave and came forth a glorious Conqueror and said: "I am He that liveth and was dead, and because I live ye shall live also." So surely as Christ rose, so did He guarantee as an absolute certainty the resurrection of our bodies into a glorious life. The life of the soul never pauses even for a moment. He has brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death! Where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The crucified One appeared to His disciples and showed them His hands and His side and so thoroughly convinced them that "He who lived and was dead was now alive forevermore," that in the strength of this conviction, they rallied from despair and went forth to conquer the world to Christ. There is no other fact of ancient history that is sustained by such an array of evidence, external and internal, as the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

He died as all must die. He lived, and so in Him we have evidence that we shall live. He is not the first to live beyond death. All the sons of Adam before Him had risen above the shock of dissolution, but He was the first to gain full perfection of life, and perfect knowledge of the hereafter, and His resurrection is a pledge that all the children of God shall gain full perfection of life and so the believer may say with the full assurance of Paul: "We know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Carlyle speaks of his beloved friend, John Sterling, dying at 38, as a brave man, "Looking steadfastly into the silent continents of death and eternity." And Sterling, a few days before his death, writing to Carlyle, shows how, to one who has found the solution of his spiritual problems in Christ, it is possible even in the midst of one's best days, to lay down these beautiful affairs of earth and to feel a human interest in the life to come: "I tread the common road," he says, "into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much

hope. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so strange as it seems to the standers-by."

TOPICS FOR WEEK OF PRAYER.

Suggested by the Evangelical Alliance.

The week of prayer in 1911 begins with New Year's Day and covers Sunday, January 8th. It is proposed to the ministers of the country by the Evangelical Alliance for the United States that sermons on the first Sabbath shall be upon the fatherhood of God, and texts are suggested: Matthew 6:9; John 3:16, and Ephesians 3:14-15. A week later the suggestion is that ministers everywhere shall preach on the brotherhood of man, drawn from the Scripture texts: Malachi 2:10; Acts 17:16, and Colossians 3:11. The general theme of prayer for the week is to be "Thy kingdom come," and on successive nights the praise and prayer are to be guided by the following topics:

Monday, January 2—The World's Approach to God. Praise: That the present is not dark with God's wrath, but alight with his love; that life's ameliorations are increasing; that organization in the common interest of poor and rich, for employed and employer, is advancing; that the demand for honesty in both business and political relations is more and more insistent, and that world-peace is progressing. Prayer: That the friends of God may earnestly devote themselves to these and kindred cause, perceiving that in such progress, as well as in the trophies more commonly accepted as signs of the kingdom's advance, there is convincing evidence that he whose right it is to reign is taking to himself the dominion. Rev. 11:15; I John 3:10-11; Ps. 72:2-4; 50:7-12; Zech. 14:20.

Tuesday, January 3—The Christian Church. Praise: That there is a church which is praying yet, though kings and empires have come and gone; that though some who are not of Christ dishonor the church's membership, and though selfishness and self-righteousness dim its ideal, there still is a church which is the divinely appointed instrument of blessing; and that God has revealed his purpose to sanctify his church into more and more of winning power. Prayer: That the church may ever faithfully, exultantly proclaim Christ and his gospel; that she may always recognize individual regeneration as the basis of social perfectness; that she may reckon nothing human as alien to her care—a serving, self-sacrificing, united, triumphant church. Matt. 16:18; Eph. 5:25-27; I Cor. 12:28; Eph. 2:19-22; I Tim. 3:15; Jas. 2:1-8.

Wednesday, January 4—Foreign Missions. Praise: For the missionary command of our sovereign Lord; for the unparalleled missionary conference in Edinburgh and for all other organized missionary enthusiasms; for the consequent broadened missionary plan and intensified missionary purpose; and for the inspiring call to the churches to furnish men and money really adequate to the speedy proclaiming of the gospel to every creature. Prayer: For the bringing of the due tithes into God's treasure-house, and the promised outpouring of the heavenly blessing; for divine wisdom in meeting and winning the believers in faiths other than Christian; and for a zeal in the hearts of Christians at home as well as in the hearts of the heralds abroad, as pure and flaming and steadfast as marked the early disciples who carried the gospel to the ends of the then known world. Matt. 28:18-20; Ez. 47:9; Ez. 47:1-6; Rom. 1:14-15; Rom. 10:13-15.

Thursday, January 5—Home Missions. Praise: That

the enlarged, vivified conception of foreign missions inevitably glorifies home missions; that thus it is the more clearly perceived that the sources of supply for the work in "the regions beyond," must be fostered into increase at home. Prayer: That the interrelations of so-called home missions and so-called foreign missions may be fully appreciated; that the oneness of the world-embracing cause and the harmony of the world-saving efforts, may practically unify all those who pray, thy kingdom come. Is. 61:4; Tim. 5:8; Ps. 137:5-6; Is. 52:7; Luke 24:47.

Friday, January 6—The home and the school. Praise: That the home, the family, is so largely revered and so worthily enjoyed; that the rending of the formal marriage relation is often the result of a careless, impious entering upon that relation, rather than a blow at marriage itself; that what, in reality, "God hath joined together" is very seldom sundered by divorce. Prayer: That the home may everywhere be the shrine of worthy affection; that licentiousness, intemperance, and brutal selfishness may cease to despoil it; that it may be a fountain sending forth no bitter waters. Praise: That the common school, the college, the university are, in such degree, of service to the public well-being; that they furnish so vast a vantage ground for religion's advocacy and religion's application. Prayer: That every source of culture may be ennobled, sanctified, until wisdom shall mean "love of God," and knowledge shall be a synonym of "departing from evil." Gen. 18:19; Gen. 17:7; Ex. 20:5; Luk. 2:51; Eph. 6:1-4; Prov. 3:13; Prov. 9:10; Ps. 19:1-2; I Cor. 2:13-14.

Saturday, January 7—Government and politics. Praise: That on every hand both people and rulers are increasingly conscious that God is on the side of justice not only to races, but also to individuals; that what is called "politics" is growingly estimated as demanding an integrity which rejects fraud, and a patriotism which contemns self-seeking as wind scatters chaff or fire consumes tares. Prayer: That the principles of conduct which prevail among good, intelligent individuals, may become the basis of an international code; that politics, rural, municipal, state, national, may be honorable and wise; and that the day may everywhere be hastened when righteousness may be the line and justice the plummet, and nothing shall wantonly hurt or destroy. Prayer that in every land our brethren, the Jews, living full blamelessly, may receive fair treatment; and that they may accept Christ as their own Messiah. Prayer that the peace interests connected with The Hague may be prospered, including the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration with jurisdiction. Ps. 67:4; Ps. 148:11-13; Prov. 29:14; Is. 60:17; Micah 6:8; Rom. 9:3-5.

THE CALIFORNIA ORIENTAL MISSION.

The annual meeting of the corporation was to have been held on Monday, December 19, but in pursuance of a previous formal understanding, it was adjourned to January 22. This adjournment was agreed upon in the hope that churches which have not yet remitted the sums requested from them under the apportionment plan, would do so before our treasurer finds it necessary to close the accounts for the fiscal year, 1909-1910.

In years preceding this, the task of so providing for our Missions as to make them efficient, fruitful, soul-saving, has often seemed to be severe, but in the past year it has been more difficult than ever before. We are in great danger of carrying over to this current year such a deficit as will compel the reducing of a work which could usefully

be more than twice as large as it now is, without wasting a dollar.

Cordially as I believe in and advocate the Apportionment Plan, I do not hesitate to say that this unprecedented difficulty in meeting expenses has arisen from a failure to work this plan aright. It has had the effect to obstruct appeals and in many cases to defer from week to week to some more convenient season, the special effort for our cause, till the year draws to a close with this still not done. There is nothing left now for me to do except to issue this appeal to churches and pastors that have not yet made their offerings, to do so at once. It will be a good service rendered to our Lord.

WM. C. POND, Sec'y.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Alameda, First.—The Wednesday evening prayer meeting has been having an average attendance of fifty for some time.

San Francisco, Green Street.—Nine persons, of various nationalities, were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, three uniting on confession.

Salida.—The church at Salida has this week closed some special meetings that have been of interest and benefit. The meetings were conducted by Rev. J. B. Orr, of Santa Cruz. Mr. Orr represents the New Evangelism. His exposition of the Word, his interpretation of the scriptures opened the minds of our people to some of the deep things in the book. His sermons, "Spiritual Lessons from Mt. Shasta and the Yosemite Valley," left an enduring impression. Wednesday was a high day, for the people brought their lunches and spent the time in listening, asking questions, and testimony. The meeting for Sunday School workers has resulted in a desire for better things in that department of the church work. The result is a growth in grace, additions to the church, and the boys and girls inspired with a greater love for Christ, the "Good Shepherd."

Tulare.—The annual supper and business meeting was held at the church on December 14. The reports of the different secretaries showed that all the organizations were in excellent condition. The supper was served by the new members of the church. There has been a net gain of forty-three members this year. The reports from the different organizations brought out the following facts which may be of interest to the readers of The Pacific: Sunday School, total enrollment of 192; average collection \$2.60; graded lessons adopted throughout the school. Christian Endeavor, perfect harmony, large increase in attendance and interest; in splendid working spirit; intermediate society organized with thirty-five members at present; junior with twenty-eight members. Missionary Society, very busy just now furnishing a box of fruit for home missionary; a year of service and success. The Ladies Aid Society reported a large increase in membership and interest; liberal contributions to the general fund; a new range for parsonage and other needed equipment; a good sum of money on hand for next year's work. The trustees' report showed that the new parsonage, which cost \$3,600, was fully paid for, church painted and other improvements; all bills paid and ninety dollars left in the building fund. Mr. C.

R. Scott, who has served as chairman of the Board for twenty years, resigned his position, and stated that the church was now provided with plenty of capable members who should be used. Mr. Scott has been a very faithful and efficient trustee and the church will miss him greatly on the Board and in many other ways, for he is one of those active, efficient, Christian business men so helpful to any church. Having learned of the illness of the pastor's brother in Ohio, the church voted a six week's leave of absence with a large share of the expense provided. Services will continue as usual under the leadership of Rev. Clifford Jones as stated supply.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED AT CHULA VISTA IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

Shelton Bissell.

Congregationalists have a way of enlisting people of varying theological and administrative opinions in one common enterprise. This is then named a Union Congregational Church, and the emphasis, with a quiet tactfulness, is put upon the word "Union." Among our more recently organized bodies of this nature, none has a more brilliant future as none has overcome a more dubious past, than the Union Congregational Church of Chula Vista. Here, in a charming rolling country of orange and lemon groves, eight miles south of San Diego, is situated the artistic and commodious new edifice of these enterprising Christian folk. Their leader is a man of more than usual parts, Rev. Edward MacClellan, formerly of Manchester, England. Himself only recently espousing the Congregational method, although the Primitive Methodist Church which he served abroad is more akin to our body than to its American fellow-adherents of John Wesley, Mr. MacClellan brings a kindling enthusiasm and a rare breadth of judgment to his task. By conciliatory temper, magnetic personality, large pulpit ability and a genial humor, he has succeeded in doing what many a fellow-minister would give a decade of his life to accomplish, namely, given sectarianism so little to feed on, that it is dying a natural death in his town. Within a year the several divisive and schismatic impulses, most natural under the circumstances, have proved abortive, and most of their sponsors have struck hands with the workers for unity.

The dedication of the new house of worship on December 8th, was the occasion of a veritable shower of congratulations from ministers and laymen of many denominations. As the traveler enters the town by train, the spacious and imposing church with its restful gray and moss-green colors, is the most striking object which meets the eye. Occupying a site next the public school, the old New England idea of keeping the alma mater of religious and secular education in closest proximity is beautifully carried out. The handsome new church has been reared at a cost of nearly \$8,000. Of this sum, \$5,000 was raised before the day of dedication, almost all locally. At the afternoon and evening session, \$1600 more was pledged and paid, and several hundred more was as good as promised. This sum, with the \$1,000 from the Church Building Society, puts the enterprise practically beyond the debt line.

Among those who so generously have helped finance this enterprise are Christian people of many persuasions—from the Salvation Army to the Protestant Episcopal Church, to put the situation in an aesthetic antithesis! Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists far outnumber the Congregationalists in the membership. Rev. Willard B. Thorp, of the First Church of San Diego, preached the ser-

mon, from the text, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk" (Acts 3:6). It was a powerful, luminous and tender appeal to the church to rise to its privilege of ministering to man in his entirety, helping him to realize his own integrity, and through renewed faith in his divine heritage, to attain altitudes of efficiency as yet unachieved.

In the evening a platform meeting was held, with Mr. George W. Marston of San Diego, the quiet and self-possessed chairman. Among those who spoke briefly were Revs. Thorp, Abbot, Emerson, of San Diego, Hand of Lemon Grove, Hill of La Mesa, Porter of National City and Bissell of La Jolla. Thus was the Congregational fellowship gracefully extended to this church, which has opened its doors so wide that those of many kinds and shades of opinion touching doctrine, ritual and polity, find pleasant and inspiring association.

DEDICATION OF THE RICHMOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Several months ago the Richmond Congregational Church, San Francisco, sold its church site on the corner



of Seventh avenue and Clement street for \$22,000, and bought another corner in the same block to which the house of worship was moved and remodeled. Sufficient money was realized by this transaction to make possible the payment of the debt to the Church Building Society and the expenditure of several thousand dollars in moving the building and putting under it a fine basement or lower story for Sunday school and social purposes.

We give here a picture of the building as it now stands on the corner of Seventh avenue and Point Lobos street.

Dr. Cull and his people are to be congratulated. The new site is preferable to the old one, being free from street car noise, and the edifice is now well adapted to the needs of the work in that part of the city.

Last Sunday afternoon the church was rededicated. The dedicatory sermon was given by Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society.

Mr. Wikoff spoke of the church standing as a silent witness for God, calling attention to the fact that God is, as no other building does.

It stands also for the uplifting of the social life and for a spiritual revelation. Also for a world-wide evangelization.

The Rev. Dr. Bovard, editor of the California Christian Advocate, a personal friend of Dr. Cull, brought the greetings and well-wishes of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Bovard spoke of the growing fellowship between the denominations as delightful and as significant of better things for the kingdom. It is his judgment that a closer and heartier co-operation is demanded if the Church is to do the work it is called to do in this new age of the world.

It is gratifying to hear such remarks from a Methodist source, inasmuch as our Methodist brethren have been slow to see this great need. We hope to hear much more of it.

The Rev. Mr. Paddock, pastor of the Asbury Methodist Church and the Rev. Mr. Tanner of St. John's Presbyterian Church were present and had part in the service.

The dedicatory prayer was by the Rev. C. C. Champlin of Park Congregational Church.

Other Congregational pastors in attendance were: Revs. R. W. Rogers, N. C. Gause, G. A. Charnock and L. B. Briggs.

The words of dedication were by Dr. Cull, the pastor.

The vested choir rendered appropriate music and added thus to the worship of the service.

The improvements on the church building represent an expenditure of a little more than twelve thousand dollars.

The amount received for the old site was not quite sufficient for the payment of the indebtedness, the purchase of the new lot and the expenses in moving and remodeling. Sunday afternoon \$600 was pledged toward the small deficit and the church is left with an indebtedness of only \$1,900, which it does not consider as in any way burdensome.

The Richmond Church is the San Francisco church in which the Rev. Philip Coombe labored so faithfully for many years and by whom good and enduring foundations were laid.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The paper at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity was by the Rev. B. M. Palmer of the Fruitvale church, Oakland, topic: "The Relation of the Church to Social Reconstruction."

In the course of his paper, Mr. Palmer enumerated twenty different interests concerning which he had been asked to preach during a period of six months. Emphasis was laid on the danger to the preacher of allowing the supreme things of religion to be crowded out of the pulpit by the many things constantly pressed upon him from the outside for treatment therein. The thought of the paper was that the service of the sanctuary must be such as to give special attention to worship and to things inspirational. The aim of the preacher must be the deepening of the spiritual life. If he were to preach concerning all the interests—the institutions and organizations concerning which he is asked to preach by those directing them—he would have time for nothing else.

There will be no meeting of the ministers until Monday,

January the 9th., at which time the Rev. S. C. Patterson will speak on "Some Persistent Parish Types."

Officers were elected last Monday for the next six months as follows: President, Rev. B. St. John, of Berkeley; vice-president, Rev. Leslie Briggs, Bethany church, San Francisco; secretary, Rev. Mr. Wilcox of Sunset church, San Francisco.

Mrs. Nivers, recently of Wisconsin, was present at the meeting last Monday, and gave some recitals which were heartily applauded.

WHAT SOME SEATTLE PASTORS HAD TO SAY CONCERNING MRS. EDDY.

As stated in The Pacific last week two of the Congregational pastors in Seattle spoke on Sunday, December the 11th concerning Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science.

Dr. Dunstan of the West Seattle Church spoke in the morning service on "The World's Debt to Mrs. Eddy." A Seattle paper reports him as saying:

"Mrs. Eddy has revived that half forgotten truth, enunciated by Paul, 'Christ in me,' and if only on that account she has earned the gratitude of all who would preserve the teachings which Christ and Paul brought into the world.

"Mrs. Eddy has given the world a clearer conception of God than has commonly prevailed and has taught her people that the Christ presence is real and abiding. I cannot slavishly follow all the teachings in 'Science and Health,' partly because my mind does not readily accommodate itself to theological standards, but I try to keep the open mind, and am ready to learn from anyone who has new light to throw on the truth of God."

Dr. Strong, of the Queen Anne Congregational church said in a prelude at the evening service in his church:

"It is easier for the pulpit to maintain silence on the departure from the world of a woman like Mrs. Eddy, who has been the center of heated controversy. But such a course is not just to her or to ourselves, for the movement of which she was the head is playing too important a part in the religious life of mankind to be ignored.

"I am personally very glad to acknowledge my debt to Christian Science," he continued. "The same thing I would do to Roman Catholicism, Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, Judaism; in fact to any religious movement that has embraced a multitude of earnest souls. It would be quite easy to find serious error in all, yet each of them has made the world richer by some considerable contribution.

"Christian Science under Mrs. Eddy has brought to light several neglected truths and applied them to actual life. The power of religion had not been sufficiently used as a cure of disease; yet it was plainly a part of the Christian programme as instituted by Jesus. Christian Science focalized this truth, that had been held in scattered fragments, and made it a most efficient agent for helping mankind.

"The great work of Mrs. Eddy was not therefore in creating but in organizing.

"Mrs. Eddy, through Christian Science, has led tens of thousands to live more sanely and religiously.

"Mrs. Eddy, through Christian Science, has led tens of thousands to look upon death without fear. She has annihilated death as a power over humanity."

FIELD SECRETARY.

By joint action of the Executive Committees of the Northern Branch of the Woman's Board of the Pacific and the Woman's Home Missionary Union, Mrs. George W. Hinman has been appointed Field Secretary to organize and visit auxiliaries in the northern part of California for both organizations.

The Home.

FRANCES STOREY'S HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

"Papa says one of you girls must accept Aunt Caroline's invitation for the holidays," said Mrs. Storey, with a troubled look on her motherly face. "I am sorry to have you go to that dead-alive little village, but you know papa seldom says 'must,' so we will have to make the best of it. Now which will it be?"

"It's simply impossible for me to go, mamma," said Margaret, whirling lightly around on the piano stool. "I've practiced for weeks on this Christmas music, and the entertainment could not go on without my playing. Frances or Kate will have to sacrifice this time, and it's only fair, for they have not so much on their minds as I have."

"Well, Margaret, my time is as precious as yours," said Kate, looking up from the new dress she was finishing, "and besides, I am going to sing at the party next week."

"I might go, if someone would finish dressing these dolls for the tree down at the mission. Poor Aunt Carrie must be lonesome since her only daughter went to Oregon to live, and I'd like to see her again. She used to let us make little pies and muss around in her clean little kitchen, and at home Sarah never allowed us to share her domain," said Frances.

"I'll attend to the dolls," said Margaret, promptly. "and help you pack your trunk, if you need help. I have no doubt you will have a good time at Cedar Hill, for Aunt always thought so much of you."

"And I'll finish the white dress so you can take it along," added Kate, inwardly rejoicing over the solution of the vexed question. "You may have my blue silk waist, too. It is a little too tight for me and nobody down there will suspect it was not made especially for you."

In spite of her nineteen years, the whole family considered Frances a mere child, and no one but the mother thought it made any difference that she was to spend the holidays in a lonely house with Aunt Caroline, instead of having a share of the city celebrations, which she so much enjoyed. Mrs. Storey slipped a number of packages marked "open on Christmas Eve" into the big trunk and provided a stylish traveling dress, but her heart welled as the trim figure disappeared amid the chorus of farewells, and the noise of the busy station. Mr. Storey gave his daughter some bright gold pieces with the instructions to spend them as she liked, but Frances reflected that she was likely to bring them home again for want of a chance to invest in anything except goods found in a country store at Cedar Hill.

It was late in the afternoon before the brakeman announced "Cedar Hill," and Frances was surprised to see a number of passengers get off. "Is this really Cedar Hill?" she asked of an old man near.

"It really is," he answered with a smile. "If I am not

mistaken you are Frances Storey that used to play with my granddaughters. Don't you remember Grandfather Devon?"

"Of course I do. How are Nellie and Ruth? The reason I thought this was not Cedar Hill is because the town when I knew it was only a little place, and this looks like a city."

"We've had a boom since those days. Here, Horace, help Miss Storey with her baggage. I can take care of myself. This is the young lady who used to play with the girls a dozen years ago, but I don't suppose she remembers the freckled faced boy who built play houses for her."

"Yes I do," said Frances, shaking hands with the elegantly dressed young man. "You always built the nicest houses of any boy we knew, Mr. Devon, and I still recollect them with pleasure."

"It used to be Horace," put in the old gentleman, "and if I remember correctly, this young man used to call you Sissy. He's an architect now, so you see his early training comes handy."

All this time they were leaving the train and looking for Aunt Caroline, who evidently had not received the letter announcing Frances's visit, for she was not in sight.

"We'll take you to Mrs. Howard's, for she lives close to us," said the young man, loading himself with "Sissy's" baggage. "You never would find the old house without a guide, for factories and stores and churches have sprung up in such profusion that it is entirely overshadowed. Your aunt and grandfather and some more of the conservative old residents bewail the new order of things as much as they would a National calamity, but I must confess that I like to see paved streets where we used to make mud pies."

"I wish mamma and the girls could see me now," said Frances, gazing at the latest styles in dresses in a store window. "Mamma cried to think of me coming to this out-of-the-way place, and I very nearly started with only a satchel, thinking I would only need a few clothes. We write and get letters from Cedar Hill so seldom that I never dreamed of the change I see today."

"You'll be glad enough you brought your trunk, for things are lively during the holidays."

"What is that beautiful building we are coming to?" inquired Frances, as they neared a stone structure that might have graced a city.

"This is the public library," said Mr. Devon. "I suppose you have a supply of books in that trunk for fear there would be nothing to read in our town. I won't mention it to the citizens though, for fear they might put you on the first train for home. There is Mrs. Howard on the porch. She knows you."

The days that followed were busy ones for Frances. She sent a telegram telling of her safe arrival and found time for only the briefest notes till after Christmas, on account of the many places to go, and the delightful things to do. Aunt Caroline enjoyed the company and the frolics to the utmost, and urged her niece to make the old home as lively as possible. The girls and boys she played with years before flocked to see her, bringing friends with them, till Frances declared this the nicest little visit she had ever made.

"You and I are on the Committee on Dolls for the poor children's Christmas tree," said Horace coming into

the parlor where Frances was putting up holly for the great day. "Imagine waiting till three days before the twenty-fifth before looking after dolls. But it's not their fault, for Miss Gray would have attended to it if her mother had not taken sick. Come, get your sunbonnet, and we will make short work of the infants."

"I'm going to buy some candy and fruit for the people at the hospital," said Frances, when the dolls were disposed of. "Papa gave me some gold pieces to spend and they are burning holes in my pockets."

"A good idea. I'll go halves, for I feel like celebrating too."

Over and over again Frances wished the folks at home could see her during the happy holidays. Every letter assured them that she was having a fine time, but it was impossible to put the spirit times on paper. The Christmas tree for the Sunday school of Third Street Church was a complete success, and then the young people trooped off up to the mission to distribute the gifts and candy to the factory people who could not attend "the big church uptown."

"Are you homesick, Fanny?" asked Nellie Devon, with an arm around Frances as the gay crowd sat waiting for the clock to strike twelve on Christmas eve in Mrs. Howard's old-fashioned parlor. "I don't want to remind you of home or make you feel sad, but you must have so many pleasant things to do that we never heard about."

"I don't know what they are," laughed Frances. "I think I could give the President information about the 'Strenuous Life' since I've been here. This is the busiest and happiest holiday time I ever had except that I want all the folks at home to enjoy it too."

"You must all come to dinner tomorrow—no, today," said Mrs. Howard as the young people started for home. "It has been so many years since I had such a flock around me that I must make the most of it. I want Frances to have a good time so she will want to come every year."

Frances felt a touch of self-reproach on Christmas morning when she remembered the neat little parcels she was to have opened the evening before. She had fallen into happy sleep that visits the pure-hearted with but a thought of the lovely time she was having and a little prayer for her family and friends. As she smoothed out the note slipped through the beautiful ring, she smiled to think of the tender message—"My Dear Daughter: I hope this will be the happiest Christmas of your life to reward you for giving up your pleasure to gratify Aunt Caroline. Many happy returns of the day, sweetheart.—Mother."

Mrs. Howard found time on Christmas day for a long letter to her brother, in which she said: "You must be prepared to give us your little Fanny, for I am sure Horace Devon has persuaded her that Cedar Hill is a good place to spend a lifetime. He is a rising young architect, and has a fine place in the city, to which he goes every day. This may sound like strange tales, but I did not want the news to strike you too suddenly. Of course the young people are not rash enough to make plans far into the future without consulting you, but I can find no fault with their anticipations. Horace is a—"

But Mr. Storey had laid down the letter with a bewildered look that plainly showed his pain and astonishment. His wife expressed no surprise, though tears came

into her eyes as she said: "You might have taken a hint from the child's short letters in which she spoke of being perfectly happy. I have been hoping this would be a happy day for her, but I am not prepared to say that I like the realization of my wishes."

With the light streaming through the stained glass windows on the evergreen and holly wound around the stately pillars of the church and the Christmas music in her ears, Frances found it difficult to keep her thoughts from the mental picture of the bare little church Cedar Hill had boasted in other days. "Glory to God in the Highest," sang the sweet voices, just as the choir of the church at home was doing at that very moment, but there was no homesickness in her heart.

Under cover of the big hymn book Horace Devon softly pressed her slim hand while the ushers seated late arrivals in the little pause that followed the anthem, and she smiled to think her mother's Christmas wish had come true.—Baptist Union.

Our Young People

THE CHRISTMAS SPECTRUM.

Seven points hath the Christmas star;

One is the love that shines afar
From God to man, and one is the love
That leaps from the world to the Lord above;
And one is good will on the happy earth;
And one is purity, one is peace,
And two are the joys that never cease—
God's joy,
Man's joy—
Aflame in the star of wonderful Birth.

And the light of God's love is a golden light,
And man's love to man is crimson bright,
And man's love to God is an azure ray—
Alas, when it flickers and dies away!
And the seven rays through the worshiping night
Like the flash of all jewels, exult and play—
God's joy,
Man's joy—

Yet they shine as one, and the star is white.
—Amos R. Wells.

THE LEAST OF THESE.

"Look, mother! its snowing already, and we're not nearly ready for Christmas!" exclaimed Betty.

"No, we're not, but we have two days yet."

"That's forty-eight hours; that sounds a long while."

"Put on your fuzzy coat and go up to the store and get me some more of this embroidery floss."

Betty skipped delightedly to obey, for she dearly loved the whirling whiteness of the snow storm. Occasionally she stopped to admire a trifle that caught her eye in a shop window, or to gaze at the wonders there exhibited, but she soon made her purchase, and was about to hurry home when she spied a package among the articles before her. The saleswoman was already busy with another cus-

tommer. Involuntarily her hand stretched out, and she took it up. She squeezed it; it felt delightfully soft and hard in spots.

"What could it be?"

Just then she was hurried along by the crowd of shoppers, and before she really meant it she was out in the street again.

The snow was falling faster now, and the hurrying throng jostled her at every step.

She fancied that she heard someone calling to her to come back, and even the policeman seemed to eye her suspiciously as she hastened on.

Two ragged children passed her, shivering and sobbing. She hurried after them and gave them each a penny, but even their grateful thanks seemed only to deepen the sense of guilt within her heart.

Upon reaching home curiosity got the better of her, and she crept upstairs to discover the contents of the package. "I wish I had given it to those children," she thought. "I don't want it, but—oh, dear, how dreadful! The police might have found them with it and taken them to jail, and I safe at home!" Tears were falling down her cheeks as she viewed the contents of the package. "It's nothing," she exclaimed, "only handkerchiefs, and—oh, what pretty tinsel, and what a dear little doll, and a top, and a fairy, too! Someone's Christmas, I do believe! Oh, dear! Why did I take it?" she sobbed as she threw herself face downward upon the bed.

The shadows began to gather, and it was growing dark. Betty had fallen asleep—but it was a troubled sleep. Everyone seemed to be calling to her to give up her stolen goods, and Santa Claus himself appeared to be standing at the head of her bed shaking his head solemnly. Then something happened. Someone seemed to clutch her and she uttered a loud cry.

"Why daughter! Have you been asleep and dreaming?"

"Oh, is it you, mother?" she cried, holding her fast.

"Of course, who would it be?"

It was not a very easy thing to do, but Betty told her mother the whole story.

Mother felt dreadfully sorry, but she said that the very first thing after breakfast in the morning they would go to the store and see if the package had been called for. So Betty felt better, and when she went to bed that night she did not forget to ask God's forgiveness, for she knew that it was not only a "trespass against her neighbor," but against Him, too; for it was only the week before she had learned the Golden Text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The morning proved clear and cold; a mantle of snowy whiteness was over everything, and with the sun's bright rays it seemed as though the whole world was transformed into a bed of diamonds.

Thousands of little birds were already out in search of breakfast, and Jack Frost had not been idle, either; for all the window panes bore traces of his workmanship.

Soon after breakfast, Betty and her mother started out. They found that the package had been called for by a very poor woman who lived on the outskirts of town.

It was a long walk, but upon learning that the woman seldom visited the store they resolved to carry it to her themselves.

The house was reached at last, and very forlorn and

cheerless it was. The room into which they were ushered was almost devoid of comforts; a cook-stove, a bed and a few chairs adorned the carpetless floor, but what there was was clean and neat looking. A dejected, forlorn little kitten was tightly clutched in the arms of a small urchin who was watching his sister toast some slices of bread.

"Why, they're the very children I met yesterday!" exclaimed Betty.

"Oh, you're the penny girl!" lisped the boy, holding out toward her the dingy kitten. "Would you like to hold my kitty?"

"Mother will be home very soon now; I'm getting dinner," said his sister with some pride, as she brought a chair.

Mrs. Dawson explained her errand and rose to go. Lucy clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"Don't let George hear," she whispered; "but I'm so thankful! He's never had a Christmas tree, and the things were for him. We really couldn't afford it, mother said; but it was such a pity, when he'd never seen one, and we have it all ready!" she exclaimed, as she drew Mrs. Dawson aside to peep into a closet, where stood one of the boxwood bushes from the front yard, planted in a soap box.

"Isn't it lovely?" she asked radiantly.

"Yes, indeed! and I have some little things I'd like to send you to help decorate it," said Mrs. Dawson, whose eyes were full of tears.

"Mother," said Betty, after walking in silence for a long way.

"Yes, dear!"

"Would you mind very much not giving me St. Nicholas this year?"

"Why?"

"Because I'd like to have the money to give Mrs. Packard for things they really need."

Christmas day was full of fun and pleasure for Betty, but after dinner she found time to go with her mother to see how the boxwood Christmas tree would look when trimmed, and what Georgie thought of it.

Such delight as there was over the dinner and the sparkling bush, and the supply of warm clothes, and the little sum laid by for a rainy day.

"Hasn't this been a lovely Christmas?" said Betty at bedtime.

"Yes, indeed!" assented her mother.

"I'm so glad we did all the things we did, aren't you? And wasn't it strange that Aunt Jessie sent me Saint Nicholas, and I have it after all?"

—Jean C. Gulick in New York Observer.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS MADE A MISTAKE.

Santa Claus must have been absent-minded that year. It was very strange. Mildred had never known him to do such a thing before in all the seven Christmases he had been coming. He had always filled her stockings with just the things she wanted, and had never failed her before. So it was very puzzling, when, on jumping out of bed to examine the delightfully bulging stocking that hung by the fireplace, she found in it nothing at all that a little girl would care for, except the candy—not a doll, or a tea-set, or—or anything. A horse, a top, a ball, a whip—everything a boy needed, this strange stocking contained,

but certainly nothing for Mildred.

She looked at it in blank disappointment for a minute, and then, cramming back the things she had pulled out, she ran barefooted across the hall to mamma's room.

"Mamma, O mamma, look," she cried, half sobbing. "Santa Claus has made a mistake! This isn't my stocking at all! He's just mixed me up with some boy, and put his things into my stocking. There isn't a single thing in it for me!"

"Too bad," sympathized mamma, "but never mind, dear, Santa Claus has always been very good to you, and think how many little boys and girls he has to remember. We must excuse him if he gets a little confused sometimes."

"He never did before," mourned Mildred; and then a new thought struck her. The little boy for whom this stocking was intended—perhaps he was as disappointed as she was!

"Mamma," she said, "I wonder if we could find him—the little boy? He must want his things. Do you s'pose they could be meant for that little lame boy across the street?"

Mamma smiled. "We might take them over to him and find out, dear. Now run and get dressed before you take cold. Perhaps you will find that Santa Claus has not quite forgotten you after all."

This hint sent Mildred flying back to her room. On her plate at breakfast she found several plump packages—a book, a paint box, a game; but no one could throw any light on the mystery of the misplaced stocking. Papa suggested that it might have been meant for him. Grandma shook her head and said that Santa Claus must be getting old—she had never known him to be so careless before.

"And just think of the time that boy is having with all your dolls and things," teased Hugh.

Mildred couldn't help laughing at the thought, but it was a very disappointed little girl who ate her breakfast that snowy Christmas morning, though she tried not to fret.

"Now," said mamma cheerfully after breakfast, "let's go and find the little boy who has no Christmas stocking."

So she and Mildred bundled in their warmest furs and wraps, and set out for the house across the street, where the little lame boy lived. He had not lived there very long, only since November, so Mildred had not got acquainted with him yet. But she and mamma, when they went out, often saw a little pale face watching them from the window, and once they had seen a crutch leaning against the sash. That was how they knew he was lame.

He was at the window now, looking out at the snowy street and the merry-faced people hurrying to and fro with Christmas greetings. Mildred nodded and smiled to him, and waved the bulging stocking.

"We are bringing your things, she called, and the little boy smiled and nodded back.

At the door, mamma paused. "Mildred," she said, "I want to go farther down the street. Do you mind going in by yourself?"

Ordinarily, Mildred would have been afraid; but now she was thinking more of the little boy and the stocking than of herself. So she said yes, she would go in alone. Mamma rang the bell for her and then went on, promising to come back for her soon.

Mrs. Landon, the little boy's mother, opened the door, and Mildred began eagerly.

"Oh, please, may I see your little boy? 'Scuse me, I forgot to say 'Merry Christmas.' I've brought over his presents. They got in my stocking by mistake. And—and—did he get mine?"

"No, dear," Mrs. Landon answered smiling. "You see, we didn't think Santa Claus was likely to come—he hasn't come lately—so Ronald didn't hang up his stocking at all, this time. But come in and see him and tell me about your stocking. I don't understand."

She drew Mildred into the sitting room, where Ronald sat patiently at his window. His little pale face brightened at the sight of the visitor, and still more when she hurriedly explained her errand and poured out the contents of the stocking into his lap.

"O mother! Can they really be for me, do you think?" he asked breathlessly.

"I think so, darling, since the little girl has brought them," his mother assured him.

"And I can stay and play a little while, until mamma comes for me," Mildred added.

What a good time they had playing with the new toys. Mildred had never dreamed that "boys' things" could be so interesting, and when mamma came for her, she was almost sorry.

"Really and truly, mamma," she confided, as they crossed the street, "I never thought I could have such a nice time with that stocking that wasn't meant for me. And Ronald's mother said he never had such a stocking before. Wasn't it good we thought of taking it to him?"

"Very good," said mamma.

But when Mildred went up to her room to take off her things, behold! before the fire-place hung another bulging stocking, exactly like the first one! And, sitting down promptly on the rug to examine it, she found just what she had wanted—dolls cups and saucers, a cunning workbox—everything a little girl could wish.

"O mamma!" she screamed, flying into her mother's room like a small, excited whirlwind, "Santa Claus must have found out his mistake and brought my stocking. Just look."

Mamma looked and admired, as full of interest as Mildred.

"I'm glad he did make a mistake though," Mildred said at last, "because if he hadn't, I shouldn't have known how it felt to be without a Christmas stocking, and I shouldn't have found Ronald."

Mamma only kissed the eager, happy little face in answer. And Mildred never guessed that Santa Claus had been trying an experiment, smiling to himself over its success.—J. L. Glover in *The Continent*.

THE FIR-TREE.

Hark! Hark! What does the fir-tree say?
Standing still—all night, all day,
Never a moan from over his way;
Green, through all the winter's gray—
What does the steadfast fir-tree say?

Creak! creak! Listen! Be firm, be true!
The winter's frost, and the summer's dew
Are all in God's time, and all for you;
Only live your life, and your duty do,
And be brave and strong, and steadfast, and true.

—Luella Clark.

NO REAL "REACTION."

Because intoxicating liquor weakens the body, dethrones the mind, endangers the soul, makes widows and orphans, breeds crime, disorganizes society, and undermines law, the people of this country have risen in their indignant majesty and, through municipal, county and State action, have said that intoxicating liquor shall be a thing denounced, branded with dishonor and legally forbidden.

This uprising of the people against a national curse has marked in a most emphatic and remarkable way the first decade of the present century. State after State, especially in the South, has enacted prohibition laws. In many States in which no prohibition laws have been enacted the heaven of sentiment hostile to the liquor traffic has worked so strongly and successfully as to make the majority of the counties dry through the operation of local option laws. The pendulum of prohibition in its mighty swing has described a wider arc than has been described in this country by any other moral movement. It marks a revolution as significant and vital as that which carved this great republic from a mass of dependent, aimless colonies.

Talk about a reaction has begun. In fact, it is claimed that a reaction is being shown in the result of various elections in which the opponents of prohibition have seemingly regained some of their ground. It is said that the people are returning to their senses, and that they see that the evils of intoxicating liquor and the saloon have been exaggerated. It is claimed that public sentiment is crystallizing in its normal form—that which represents the primacy of a free, democratic common sense.

But there is no reaction. There is no reaction possible in a truly healthy moral movement. If human experience has taught one thing, it is that righteousness ever holds its conquered ground. The deadliness of intoxicating liquor, the debauchery power of the saloon, the rottenness of whisky-sodden and whisky-ridden politics are as evident today in every civilized community as they were when the prohibition flood was at its crest.

Prohibition is not struggling against a popular and natural tendency to reaction. The moral sense has not lost its hearing. Civilized men and women are still able to recognize a curse, and in their hearts are willing to indorse any legitimate movement to banish it.

Prohibition is struggling at this time against influences set in motion by a stronger appetite than that which calls for alcohol. It is the world-old appetite for gold and the power which it gives. Around the throat of prohibition sentiment are the cruel fingers of commercialism, instinct in those great liquor corporations which, seeing nothing but the dollar and thinking naught of the country's flag or of quivering hearts of men and women, have caused the pillars of Church and State to quiver for so many long decades. Back of every so-called evidence of a "reaction" in the shape of a political reverse is the mighty power of the dollar.

So we should remember that our strongest foe fights under the flag of cruel, inexorable commercialism which would damn a whole nation for its dollars and at the same time denounce "sumptuary law" and shout for "personal liberty." To meet this foe successfully we should continue to strengthen in school, on platform, in pulpit, and through press the sentiment against the liquor curse and for its removal, and add to our labors the spiritual exercise of prayer and the civic act of righteous voting.—Christian Ad-

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